



Just A Warm Cup of Tea



165 10 15

Chapter 1 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)

On a warm July day, in the summertime, Detective Maye investigated the crime scene.

The fireplace had ashes from a recent fire, with an armchair placed conveniently close to it. There was a gray blanket laying on the floor. A little table sat next to the small chair, with a notebook on it, and a cup of tea. After further examination, nothing seemed wrong. There was nothing written in the notebook. Just an average house in the winter with a warm fire.

But it wasn't winter.

Chapter 2 by m a r i e



It was the middle of july

Chapter 3 by -



Everything was sent off for DNA testing. But all the results came back negative - there were no fingerprints on anything.

When Detective Maye had arrived on the scene, the dead body on the front porch multiple puncture wounds on the throat, and the wrists were badly bruised. Samples were taken and the body examined. But nothing was showing up. Somehow, the victim had been murdered - but not by any living being. At least, not by anything with DNA

Chapter 4 by Samul_san

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Of course, Detective Maye

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Supernatural creatures didn't exist-if they did, then every petty crime, mugging and murder would be blamed on them. He had learned long ago to never underestimate the levels of depravity that mankind could achieve.

So what was this killer's trick? How did the killer manage to stab and puncture a man several times on the throat, bruise their wrists, and prevent any traces from showing up?

Chapter 5 by Finn Moxcey



It was late at night when Detective Maye was sitting at home, sipping his tea. Even at night, it was sweltering, but he needed to burn some extra firewood that would not fit into his shed, so he kept the fire going.

Detective Maye realised what he was doing, and laughed.

"Oh, it's almost like I'm the girl from earlier today. Now, Detective Maye liked to be funny. He liked to be funny in front of big crowds, small crowds, and everything. But he especially liked to be funny just by himself. So he went into his bedroom and picked up his new empty notebook, and a grey blanket. And everything seemed fine.

Chapter 6 by Samui_san



Of course, everything was decidedly not fine.

As soon as Detective Maye woke up from a blissfully deep sleep, he knew something was wrong. Maybe it was the air, or the sense of warning that simmered in his veins. Whatever primal instinct it was that had warned him, it served its purpose- when the ropes closed and tightened around his bare wrists, Detective Maye was ready.

Chapter 7 by magellan.



His blood boiled.

Not from fear of embers flying out of the grate of his fireplace, and not from fear of a DNA-less hybrid killing him.

Rather, from something he consi See more of Story Wars

Something that tasted like

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His skin began to crumple, fading into non-existent particles of dust. He was not anything anyone should ever have to see.

He heard a voice, a deep voice like a cave's echo, and shivered.

"You dare mock the life of an innocent?"

"You dare mock and accuse others of something that was under your nose?"

"You dare mock and judge those with different beliefs from you?"

The detective knew he was not talking about the case, but about his everyday life. He mocked, he instigated, he insulted, he taunted.

He was corrupt, hiding behind a badge and a pair of dark-rimmed sunglasses.

"You dare compare yourself to a dead person? Then dead is what you shall be. . . While you are *there*, say hello for me," the voice said, then slipped into the night, like a firefly leaving through a window.

He was alone, and yet, he was no longer on Earth.

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